

SCOTLAND'S STORY

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**Bruce and
his battle
to free our
nation**

**How he sent them
'homewards to
think again'**

**English tribute to
our hero king**

**Medieval women
make their mark
against all odds**

**Oil boom from the
giants of the sea**


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1274

July 11: King Robert Bruce is born at Turnberry Castle. The famous lighthouse was built on the spot.



1298

Bruce and John Comyn succeed Wallace as Guardians of Scotland. Bruce quits after a year.



1306

February 11: Bruce murders Comyn in Greyfriars Kirk in Dumfries.



1306

June 19: Bruce suffers a major setback with defeat by the English at the Battle of Methven.



1306

Mar 25: Bruce is crowned at Scone, but many nobles and churchmen stay away.



1307

The hated Edward I dies at Burgh-on-Sands on yet another expedition against the Scots.



1306/07

Bruce spends the winter as a fugitive, and has his legendary encounter with the spider.



1314

June 24: Bannockburn becomes Scotland's field of glory as the vastly superior English forces are routed.



1314

June 23: Bruce splits Sir Henry de Bohun's skull in single combat on the eve of the Battle of Bannockburn.



**In Part 12:
The Declaration
of Arbroath**



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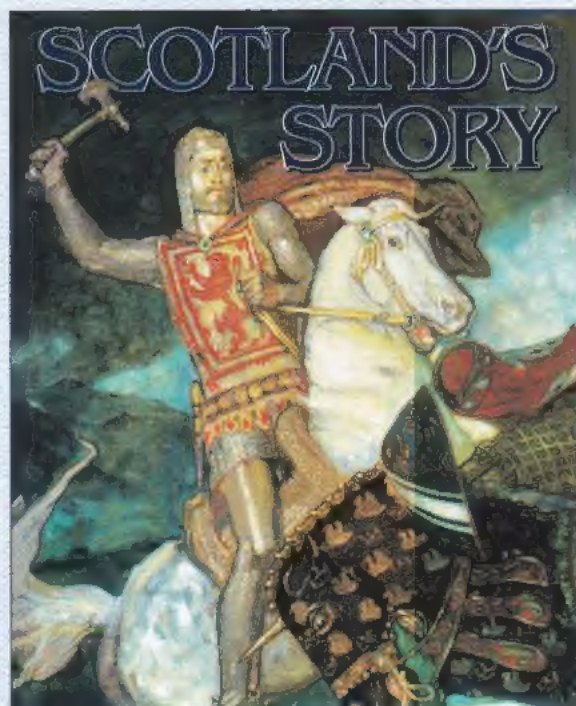
The North East was at the centre of a Scottish oil boom long before 'black gold' was discovered, thanks to the courage of the whalers.

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COMMENT



COVER: One of the moments that changed history: King Robert Bruce wields his battle-axe on the unfortunate English knight de Bohun at Bannockburn.

Bruce's historic refusal to give up

It was a reign born out of a shameful and bloody murder, beset by civil war, and blighted by heavy defeats by the English.

But King Robert Bruce persevered, inspired according to legend by a spider spinning its web.

And in so doing Bruce gave Scotland one of the epic moments in her history – the Battle of Bannockburn, fought over two days, June 23 and 24, 1314.

On paper Bruce's tiny army stood little chance against the massive English force sent north to relieve Stirling Castle and crush the Scots.

Some of Bruce's advisors urged caution, and guerrilla war.

Two incidents changed the course of the battle and Scottish history.

The first was on the Sunday afternoon when Bruce fought in single combat against one of the heavily-armoured English knights.

Bruce used his lighter, more manoeuvrable steed to evade the Sir Henry de Bohun's charge, and as he went past split the skull of the Englishman, helmet and all, with a single blow from his battle-axe.

Even then Bruce was considering a withdrawal when a deserter arrived with intelligence of a tired

and dispirited English force.

Bruce decided to stand and fight, assuring himself of his place in history, and setting Scotland on the road to independence.

A classic example of a single incident changing the course of a nation's history.

Bruce was more aware than most of the role of women in Medieval life. His wife, daughter and sister were all captured and held hostage for eight years before he could barter their safe return.

For many other women of the age, ordinary life was another form of captivity. One where their role was subjugated to their husband with few rights of their own.

But women still managed to make their mark on history, despite the restrictions.

Scotland's Story is committed to making our history accessible, an objective we share with many others.

None more so than the National Museums of Scotland, with their magnificent new Edinburgh building, which provides a fascinating blend of old and new, and is well worth a visit.

The long and painful



■ The proud, flag-wielding King Robert Bruce with his first wife Isabella – from the Seton Armorial.

Robert Bruce was no angel. First, he sided with Edward, and then he blackmailed fellow Scots for their loyalty. But 1314 and his finest hour were yet to come.

It was said that Robert Bruce's father and namesake was imprisoned by Marjorie, the widowed Countess of Carrick until he agreed to marry her. The marriage certainly worked because they had at least five sons and three daughters, and the future king, born on July 11, 1274, would be brought up in a social, perhaps rumbustious household in Turnberry Castle.

His grandfather had a good, but not good enough, claim to the Scottish throne after the death of the Maid of Norway, and sought to establish it by toadying to Edward I of England. He failed and died in 1295.

His son, a weak man who preferred the political back benches, had passed on the earldom of Carrick to Robert. They both supported Edward I in 1296 when the English invaded Scotland and defeated its army. But Edward

road to Bannockburn



■ A lighthouse stands amid the ruins of Turnberry Castle in Ayrshire, where Robert Bruce came into the world in July, 1274.

scornfully rejected their request for the now-vacant throne. The father retired to Essex and died in 1304.

Robert became his own man in 1297 when, encouraged by Robert Wishart, bishop of Glasgow, he led an anti-English rising in Ayrshire. But it collapsed and Robert submitted – only to lie low and to await the outcome of Wallace's rising.

Bruce was at neither the battle of Stirling Bridge (1297) nor (probably) that of Falkirk (1298), but after the latter disaster ordered the burning of Ayr to deny it – and Irish reinforcements – to Edward I. When Wallace resigned the Scottish leadership, Robert and John Comyn of Badenoch were elected to take his place, and for over a year Bruce rode this tandem with his very difficult colleague. It is said that he resigned in 1299, but there is evidence only that he was replaced.

He acted as local commander in

Ayrshire, leading the army of Carrick until the Scots obtained a truce in 1301 and seemed on the point of bringing back their exiled king, John.

That was too much for Robert, who early in 1302 reverted to his grandfather's policy and submitted to Edward I on a not-very-firm promise that justice would be done to his 'right' – that his father should have the Scottish throne. Robert then served the English king as a trusted member of the Scottish community.

But he was hiding his time, awaiting the death of Edward I, seeking allies or at least neutrals in the Scottish establishment. One such alliance – with the bishop of St Andrews, in terms which were carefully vague – survived to bring grave embarrassment to the bishop.

A similar agreement was probably the context of his meeting with John Comyn in the Greyfriars Kirk of

Dumfries on 11 February 1306, when they quarrelled – something to which Comyn was prone. Comyn drew his sword. Bruce wounded him seriously, left with his men to expel the English from Dumfries, then ordered his men later to return to dispatch the bleeding man.

We can only speculate what excuse Robert might have given to win Edward's pardon. Instead, he seized castles and transferred their provisions to his own strongholds; secured absolution from Wishart; and finally, at his urging, went to Scone to be inaugurated as King of Scots on March 25, 1306.

His 'ally' the bishop of St Andrews swithered and swayed, but turned up two days later to say mass, then fled. His lands were threatened with fire and sword.

Bruce had a civil war on his hands – with the Comyns and their wide network of relations and dependents,

as well as war with an enraged and remorseless English king.

In the two following years he sacrificed the lives of three brothers and the freedom of sisters, his daughter and his second wife, in ill-considered campaigns such as that leading to the chaotic defeat at Methven in June, 1306 – when his army had been allowed to scatter to forage – followed by another reverse near Loch Tay.

No bishop and few magnates had been at the inauguration, and his support by June was slight.

There is good evidence that he used threats of reprisal to force men to join his army – the Earl of Strathearn did homage only after being threatened with hanging and even then refused to send a contingent to the king.

Bruce went into hiding in the winter of 1306, returning early in 1307 to the Clyde and a worse catastrophe when two of his ►

IT'S FAREWELL TO EDWARD – SO CLAP YOUR HANDS IN JOY

When Edward I died at Burgh-on-Sands in Cumbria, the Scots rejoiced. Edward was a formidable foe and his death relieved the pressure on Robert Bruce.

A century and a half later, Bower described him as 'the back end of a weather cock, the tail end of all his devilish race' and recorded this poem dating to 1307, when Edward died.

*One thousand you will count, three hundred years
and seven more, on the translation of ever blessed
Thomas the martyr.*

*In Burgh by Sands, where end the kingdom's
borders, there Edward fell, by whose evil Scots were
slaughtered.*

*In Holm his brain and entrails lie buried in the
earth; war-monger who lashed the English with dire
scourge.*

*He trampled underfoot the necks of haughty men,
corrupted all the world, betrayed the Holy Land.*

*He invaded the Scots, broke up the realm by fraud,
laid waste our churches, shut up our prelates in
prison, he slew Christ's folk and seized the gold of the
tithe.*

His sins are well known in all the world.

*England will weep when at
last it lies in ruin.*

*Scotland, clap your
hands at the death of
a greedy king.*

*Give thanks to
God now Robert
has been
crowned and
guided in
virtue's
strength by the
staff of
salvation.*

*God will
make his state
on earth a
blessed one.*



■ Edward I of England:
Not popular with
the Scots – but his
demise was.

► brothers brought men from Ireland, were surrounded, surrendered and went to the gibbet.

Occasionally he skulked in Glen Trool, registering a small victory against the English there in 1307. In that year he also managed to set back an English force at Loudoun Hill near Kilmarnock. Thereafter, though, he was a hunted fugitive in Ayrshire and Galloway, sought by Edward II and his army after the death in July of Edward I.

In September, the hunted Robert went north to Aberdeenshire and Moray where he harassed the small forces of his enemy, winning a crucial victory at Inverurie on May 23, 1308 – after which he harried Buchan and captured Aberdeen.

The numbers involved in these campaigns can't have been more than a few hundred on either side, and accounts of Inverurie show it was easy to panic the foot soldiers on either side. But at last, by Christmas 1308, he had a kingdom, the land north of Dundee and Perth, towns which were still English-held.

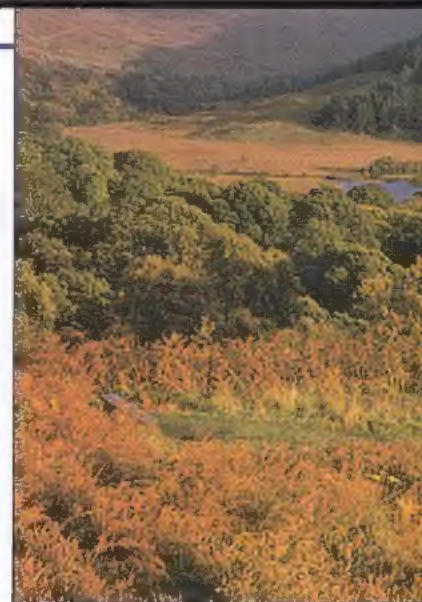
And the sentiment of humbler men, untroubled by his feud with the Comyns, was increasingly on his side, as the taking of Forfar by local enterprise showed. An English commentator there had remarked

that men were only waiting for Edward I's death to show their support for 'King Hob' – Bruce. With such an appreciation, English morale cannot have been high.

For two years a truce with Edward II held, and Robert was able to drive his domestic enemies, Alexander and John Macdougall from Argyll, in two campaigns.

He won a risky victory just east of the pass of Brander in 1308 and in 1309 took their castle of Dunstaffnage, so that they fled to Ireland. From 1311 he attacked the

■ Loudoun Hill – where Bruce set back an English force in May 1307.



■ Glen Trool in Galloway: Bruce won



a small but crucial victory against the English here in April 1307.

enemy, first in Lothian, then in northern England. He would march in, threaten devastation and accept a financial offer to go away, perhaps to a neighbouring province where the process would be repeated.

If the money was unpaid or significantly late, the province would be ravaged.

With the proceeds, he was able to capture Dundee and Ayr in 1312, Perth (January 1313) and Dumfries (February 1313). He even very nearly took Scotland's richest town, Berwick, by surprise. He was strong

enough by October, 1313, to secure a judgment that all Scots who were still his enemies had one year in which to submit to him, or lose their heritages if they did not do so.

By the end of that year Edward II had promised his supporters – in effect the men of Lothian, Berwick and Roxburgh – to come with an army in the summer.

Forced to buy off Bruce with blackmail one month, then fined by the English for having done so the next, they were also plundered of their livestock by hungry and poorly

paid English garrisons. There seems to have been little realisation that an army might drive the enemy back, but could not provide permanent security, could not prevent Bruce's return.

Anticipating Edward II's arrival, Robert commissioned his nephew Thomas, Earl of Moray, to take Edinburgh.

During that siege the young and erratic James Douglas struck far across enemy territory and took Roxburgh Castle by surprise (February 20, 1314) – an example and incentive which prodded Moray to penetrate the defences of Edinburgh Castle and take it by assault (March 14, 1314).

At both, the king followed his policy of casting down the walls or otherwise making the castle untenable, so that should the English return they would find no security in the place.

Linlithgow had gone, and Stirling Castle, almost isolated from Berwick, was now besieged by the Scots.

Edward II promised to relieve Stirling Castle by Midsummer's Day, 1314, and started mustering a huge army.

The scene was set for one of the most decisive battles in history! ●

TIMELINE

1295

Robert Bruce becomes Earl of Carrick.

1296

Bruce sides with Edward I to gain kingship for his father. Edward I rejects the idea.

1297

During Wallace's rebellion Bruce leads anti-English uprising in Ayrshire.

1302

With the possible return of King John Balliol, Bruce submits to Edward I.

1306

The Murder of John 'the red' Comyn in Greyfriars Kirk, Dumfries, on February 11, sparks a civil war with the Comyns and leaves Bruce outlawed by Edward I.

1307

Two of Bruce's brothers are captured and executed but Bruce wins victories over the English at Glen Trool and Loudoun Hill.

1308

Moving north, Bruce defeats Comyns and captures Moray, Aberdeenshire and Buchan.

1309

John Macdougall, an ally of the Comyns, is driven from Dunstaffnage Castle.

1311

Attacks on English in Lothian and Northern England.

1313

With the kingdom nearly under his control, Bruce is strong enough to demand that all Scots yield to his authority or forfeit their estates.

1314

The Battle of Bannockburn.



Spider's web of fantasy

It didn't spin to inspire Bruce. In fact, the legendary creature didn't even exist. But it was a brilliant metaphor for the war-weary king's plight

He may not have had a spider to keep him company, but when King Robert Bruce crept into hiding in the winter of 1306 he hatched plans which would ultimately save the Scottish nation from extinction.

During this time Scotland's fortunes were at their lowest ebb. The nation lay prostrate before the English king Edward, and Bruce was forced to flee.

Bruce almost definitely spent the winter of 1306-7 in the Western Isles and northern part of Ireland.

Referring to the Western Isles, several sources say that Bruce lurked 'in the outer isles of Scotland'. It seems Edward, too, believed Bruce had retreated to 'the isles of the Scottish (west) coast' and 'the isles between Scotland and Ireland'.

This is backed up by Scots chronicler, John Barbour, who believed that Bruce hid in the small island of Rathlin, just off the coast of Antrim in Ireland. Although we have little detail, an outline of Bruce's movements can be suggested.

At about the end of September 1306, he and his companions fled from south-west Scotland to Rathlin. From there they may have visited the north of Ireland and almost certainly spent some time in various islands in the southern Hebrides.

It seems likely that he sought shelter with his wider family which included Christina, Countess of Mar, who controlled the islands of Eigg, Rum, the Uists, Barra and Gigha. While he was in one or other of these places, Bruce seems to have had more than a little time to



■ The story of Bruce and the spider was invented by Sir Walter Scott.

consider his grim situation.

The King's Caves in Arran supposedly hosted the much-loved tale of Bruce and the spider. But it seems more likely that the king did his stocktaking on one of the Countess's islands.

And the famed colourful account of his reflections while in the isles, is – sadly – only from the imagination of Sir Walter Scott in his *Tales of a Grandfather* in 1828.

According to Scott, Bruce lay in bed one morning pondering whether to devote his energy to restoring freedom to Scotland, or give up and fight instead in the crusades against the Saracens in Palestine.

Then, looking upward to the roof of his abode, Bruce noticed a spider attempting to swing from one beam to another to fix a line by which it could hang its web.

As Bruce watched the spider make six vain attempts at this, it dawned on him that he had just fought six unsuccessful battles against the English, and that the spider had been

disappointed just as many times.

The real magic of Scott's story lies in what happened next, and is perhaps best recounted by the writer himself:

"Now," thought Bruce, "as I have no means of knowing what is best to be done I will be guided by the luck which shall attend this spider. If the insect shall make another effort to fix its thread, and shall be successful, I will venture a seventh time to try my fortune in Scotland. But if the spider shall fail I will go to the wars in Palestine and never return to my native country more."

Just as this decision was made, the spider made a seventh and successful exertion, and Robert Bruce, King of Scots, resolved to try again to win back his country.

But in fact Scott's story related not to Bruce but to an earl of Douglas, who similarly took heart from a spider's efforts.

Romantics can take heart, though, as the story of the spider was a brilliant metaphor for Bruce's



■ The royal seal of Robert Bruce.



Poetry in motion... the new warfare

When Bruce returned to Scottish soil after his flight to the west, he embarked on a new strategy of guerrilla warfare. A Latin poem, found embedded in the text of Bower's *Scotichronicon*, probably dates from the renewal of Bruce's struggle in 1308.

Let Scotland's warcraft be this:

footsoldiers, mountain and marshy ground;

And let her woods, her bow and spear serve for barricades.

Let menace lurk in all her narrow places among her warrior bands,

And let her plains so burn with fire that enemies flee away.

Crying out in the night, let her men be on their guard, and her enemies in confusion will flee from hunger's sword.

Surely it will be so, as we're guided by Robert, our lord.

situation at the time. In 1306-7 he had been reduced to the life of an outlaw, his kingdom was on the verge of annihilation – yet somehow he found the resolve to fight back.

Again acquiring the help of Christina of Mar – and of the MacDonalds, and of friends in Ireland – Bruce assembled a force of Irishmen and Hebrideans.

Around February, 1307, he came to Kintyre. From there he crossed first to Arran and then to the Carrick shore on Scotland's south-west coast.

He had by now divided his forces, sending his brothers Thomas and Alexander to Galloway, possibly either to divert attention from his own landing or to put English supporters in that area out of action.

But disaster struck the campaigns of his brothers and both were killed.

The next few months were the most perilous of Bruce's career. Although he had landed back on mainland Scotland in his own earldom, he found all its strongholds

in enemy hands. During this bleak time, however, Bruce made a momentous decision which changed the whole nature of the conflict.

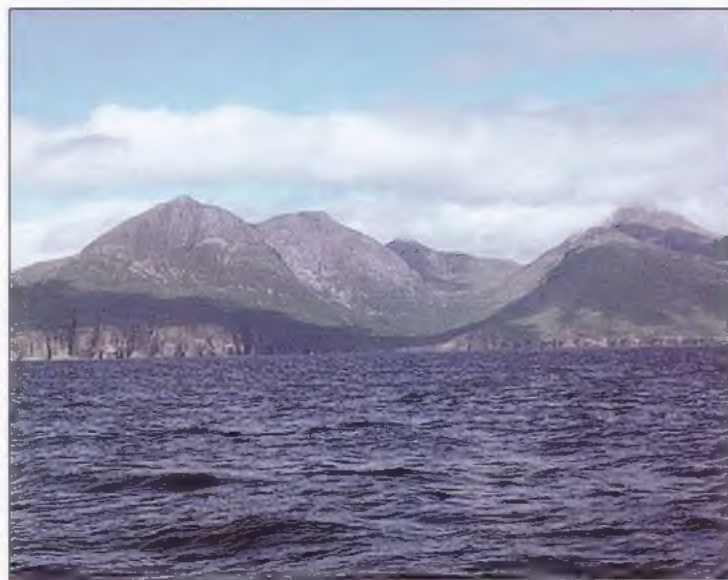
Seeing beyond his training as a mounted knight, he came to the realisation that attempting to better the English in cavalry and siege machinery was futile, as they would always have the advantage.

Instead, he opted to base his strategy on the tactics of guerrilla warfare. So, from the spring of 1307 until Bannockburn, Bruce's chief weapons would be speed, surprise and mobility. This revolutionary decision attests to Bruce's reputation as a man of genius and imagination.

Ultimately we still know very little about the actual events of the winter of 1306-7, except to say that spiders probably did not feature prominently in them.

What is almost certain, however, is that it was during his time as a fugitive that King Robert Bruce discovered the secret of his success. ●

■ The King's Caves on Arran (above) where Bruce was inspired by a spider, according to legend. But the fugitive monarch was more likely to have hidden out on the island of Rum, below.



BANNOCKBURN



How Bruce changed his mind and saved a nation



■ The moment of inspiration for his army: Robert the Bruce meets his early challenger, Sir Henry de Bohun, with an axe 'that cleft his skull'.

It was a battle that would reverberate down the centuries, restoring Scotland's national pride and ultimately its freedom. If there were doubts about Bruce's qualities as a king, Bannockburn answered them all

■ Unique 15th-century depiction of Bannockburn from the Scotichronicon.

In late June, 1314, Edward II marched at the head of a powerful army towards Stirling Castle, whose commander had agreed to yield the fortress to the Scots unless he was relieved by Midsummer's Day.

He was not the superb commander his father had been, but Edward of Caernarfon could still draw on the great military resources of England.

The exact size of the host levied in 1314 is not known, but the cavalry strength has been estimated at over 2,000 horse, while of the massive number of infantry summoned – 21,140 from England and Wales and a further 4,000 from Ireland – probably about half was actually mustered.

By contrast, Bruce was able to field an army numbering fewer than 6,000 infantry, with a small detachment of light cavalry. Nevertheless, the morale of his men was high. From 1307, castle after castle within Scotland had fallen to them, while the last English expedition into Scotland in 1310 had been a dismal failure.

The English crown had been paralysed by the bitter dispute between the nobility and Edward II over his hated favourite and lover, Piers Gaveston,

and Bruce had fully exploited this weakness to relentlessly harry the northern counties of England, making his army rich on booty and payments made by the localities to buy off devastation.

Now, faced with a renewed English invasion, Bruce decided to bar their approach to Stirling, but to leave himself the option of withdrawing northward if the need arose. The exact site of the battlefield has been much disputed, for, as with so many medieval battles, contemporary descriptions lack accurate topographical detail. It seems probable, however, that Bruce took up a strong defensive position across the road where it passed through the New Park, a royal hunting reserve a little to the south of the castle. To the east, a serious obstacle was formed by the boggy terrain around the Bannock and Pelstream burns, while the woods offered his infantry good protection against the English horsemen.

To break their cavalry charges, the Scots dug rows of 'pots' or holes hidden with grass and brushwood, implying that at this stage the most Bruce contemplated was a defensive engagement.

The Scots army was seemingly divided into ►



■ Bruce's offensive deployment of the schiltrom spear formations took the English army by surprise.

► three divisions under Bruce, his brother Edward, and his nephew Moray Barbour runs contrary to other sources in alone ascribing a fourth division to the command of James Douglas.

On the afternoon of Sunday, June 23, the English vanguard, commanded by Humphrey de Bohun, earl of Hereford, and Gilbert de Clare, earl of Gloucester, caught sight of a group of Scots apparently withdrawing from the open ground in front of the New Park into the woods. Unaware of the strength of the Scottish position and not expecting the Scots to engage so powerful a host, the English charged forward.

It was now that occurred one of the most famous incidents of the battle. Hereford's nephew, Sir Henry de Bohun, caught sight of King Robert himself, on horseback and separated some distance from his own men.

Couching his lance and clapping spurs to his great warhorse, Bohun thundered down on the king. But at the critical moment, Bruce, mounted on 'ane grey palfray, litil and joly' deftly evaded his opponent's charge and, bringing down his axe with all his might, cleft Bohun's great helm and

his skull. Bruce's close advisers chastised him for so rashly putting his life in danger, but the king's victory gave the Scots first blood and enormously boosted their spirits at the very moment of battle. The spearmen of Bruce's division now barred the cavalry's entry into the New Park, and after bitter fighting in which Gloucester was unhorsed, forced the English cavalry to retire badly mauled.

Meanwhile, in a pincer movement intended to outflank the Scots and cut off their way of retreat, another powerful force of some 300 cavalry under the veterans Sir Henry Beaumont and Sir Robert Clifford swept round the New Park to the north east towards Stirling Castle, over the hard ground between the woods and the boggy carse.

Realising the danger only just in time, Bruce sent Moray, who had been stationed to guard the Scots' left flank, to intercept them, with the ringing reproof that: "A rose has fallen from your chaplet."

With courage honed by shame, Moray rushed his spearmen out of the woods, and attacked the English cavalry. Taken unawares, Beaumont's knights had too little room to launch an effective charge or operate in close formation. Lacking the vital support of archers, the horsemen were now at a serious disadvantage.

Surging round Moray's impenetrable schiltrom – cluster of spearmen – they flung themselves in vain at the serried ranks of Scottish spears. In their frustration even throwing maces and swords at the enemy beyond the reach of their lances or blades. Finally, the English broke off in complete disarray, leaving many costly chargers slain, and several knights dead or captured. The engagement, in which Scottish casualties had been minimal, was vivid testimony to offensive capabilities of the schiltrom, and to the skill and discipline of the Scottish footsoldiers.

The reverses of that day should have alerted the English to the folly of attacking Bruce in so strong

They flung themselves in vain at the serried ranks of Scottish spears, even throwing maces and swords in their frustration

a defensive position, and doubtless at their counsel of war that evening, some of Edward's experienced commanders advocated delay until Bruce moved off. But others urged that their main force had not yet seen action, and that their chief objective remained to bring the Scots to a major battle in which English superiority in heavy cavalry, archers and overall numbers would, as at Falkirk, achieve a decisive victory. If the Scots were allowed to melt into the hills to wage a guerrilla war, the effectiveness of Edward's great host, levied at such enormous cost, would be set at naught.

It seemed certain, moreover, that Bruce would indeed stand and fight, so much so that the English feared an imminent night attack. Edward, as poor a general as he was a leader of men, consented and the fateful decision was taken to move much of the army across the Bannockburn, 'an evil, deep marsh with streams', in order to occupy the flat, hard ground south of Broomridge known as the Carse of Balquhiderock, from which a full scale attack could be launched on the morrow.

That night, most of Edward's cavalry and many infantry struggled across the marshy terrain, using makeshift bridges from roofs, doors and other material taken from local houses in order to help men and horses cross. Edward's troops bivouacked miserably on the carse, tired from a long march, demoralised and fearful, with arms at the ready and their horses still bitted.

Few would have guessed that Bruce was in fact on the verge of withdrawing under cover of darkness into the fastness of Lennox. His men had borne themselves well, but he feared risking all his hard won gains since 1306 on the uncertain chances of battle against so powerful a foe.

At this critical moment, however, a Scottish lord, Sir Alexander Seton, defected from the English camp, bringing Bruce vital intelligence concerning the enemy's low morale and their deployment, and urging him that if he launched a major attack, victory would be his. Realising that the enemy had placed themselves in a dangerously confined position, Bruce took a momentous decision – not only would he give battle the next day, but he would take the offensive.

Early in the morning of Monday, June 24, the Scots heard mass, while many also took comfort in the presence among the army of the Breichennoth or reliquary of St Columba, whose powerful aid they now invoked in the forthcoming ordeal. After a meagre breakfast, they advanced out of the wood of the New Park in three divisions. Those of Moray and Edward Bruce were slightly in echelon, while the king's division was held back in reserve.

Then the Scots knelt briefly in prayer. King Edward, astonished that common infantry should be so bold as to dispute with an English army on level ground, mistook this for a gesture of ►



■ The king leads his eager fighters into battle.



■ The massed spears of the Scottish schiltroms proved too much for the English cavalry – a scene from the movie *The Bruce*.

‘Right is on our side’

How did the Bruce address his army before the battle? Whatever he said, it made an impact that inspired some of Scotland’s finest poets and writers

According to the poet John Barbour, the Scots soldiers – encouraged by their success against the English – decided to fight on the evening before the main battle when Bruce addressed his lords

We will never know precisely what Bruce said, but it had a clear impact, for it was often recreated by later writers. This is an extract from Barbour’s version written in the 1380s

When it comes to the fight, let each man set his heart, will and strength, to humble our foes’ great pride.

They will come arrayed in horse, and advance on you at no small speed.

Meet them with spears boldly,

And think then on the great ill that they and theirs have done to us; and are still determined to do.

Echoing the biblical book of Maccabees (3.19–22), a text that had strong associations for the Scots, and the Declaration of Arbroath, Barbour has Bruce offering three reasons to fight because they are right; for the booty; and for their lives, family and freedom

For in three ways we have the edge: The first is, that right is on our side and God will always fight for the right.

The second is, they have come here, trusting in their great power to seek us in our own land;

And have brought here, right to our hands, riches in such great plenty that the poorest of you shall be both rich and powerful as well – if we win, as may well happen.

The third is that for our lives, and for our children, and wives, and for our freedom and for our land, we are bound to stand in battle.

You could have lived in serfdom. But, because you yearned to have freedom you are gathered here with me.

So it is needful that you be

strong and bold and without fear

Bower’s *Scotichronicon* places the speech at daybreak, just before battle commences. Drawing on an eyewitness Abbot Bernard of Arbroath, he uses Bernard’s Latin poem that has Bruce calling on the Scottish saints and St Thomas a Beckett to whom Bernard’s abbey was dedicated for victory

Bernard was responsible for bringing the Brechennoch of St Columba to the battlefield where it would have been set in the midst of the Scots army to convey Columba’s presence

For many of the foot soldiers, the presence of the saints would have been a comfort as they faced death

This is a happy day! The birthday of St John the Baptist; and St Andrew and St Thomas who shed his blood, with the saints of Scotland, will fight today for the honour of the people with Christ the Lord in front

With Him as leader you will conquer and make an end to war. If you weep from the heart for your sins.

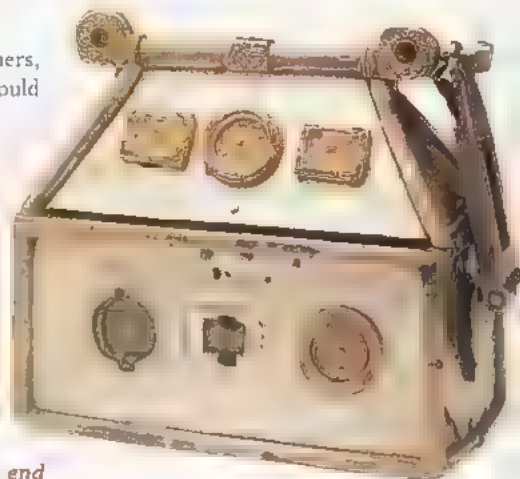
According to Bower “At these

words, the hammered horns resounded, and the standards of war were spread out in the golden dawn.”

With the lion rampant raised, Maurice, Abbot of Inchaffrey, led mass, made a short speech on freedom and then walked out in front of the army with a crucifix as they knelt in prayer

With the blessing of the Scottish saints, the troops were ready for battle

And the saints did not let them down



■ Warriors’ saint: Columba’s relics went into battle too – with the Abbot of Arbroath.

BANNOCKBURN

► surrender and remarked "Yon folk are kneeling to ask mercy."

He was quickly disabused by Sir Ingram de Umfraville: "They ask mercy, but not from you. They ask God for mercy for their sins. I'll tell you something for a fact, that yon men will win all or die - none will flee for fear of death."

"So be it," replied the king, and ordered his trumpets to commence the engagement. Though the sources are contradictory, the opening stages of the battle may have begun by an archery duel in which the English and Welsh archers had the better of the Scots. Nevertheless, it seems that the Scots quickly took the offensive, with their right division under Edward Bruce leading the attack against the powerful English vanguard.

The young Earl of Gloucester, spurring ahead of his men to meet the oncoming Scots, was felled and slain, for such was his haste that he had not donned his heraldic surcoat. A fierce battle now raged, in which other leading nobles, including Chifford, were killed.

As Moray's division closed up on Edward Bruce's left, the English in the forward ranks found themselves increasingly hemmed in between the Scots and the mass of their own army to the rear. To help their cavalry achieve a breakthrough, the English succeeded in bringing up a body of archers on one flank, but these were charged and routed by the Scottish horse under Sir Robert Keith. Crucially, the rest of Edward's archers lay too far to the rear to be effectively deployed, with the volleys of those who could fire falling short

The English king thought the Scots were surrendering, but an aide told him: "They ask for mercy but not from you. They ask God for mercy for their sins. Yon men will win all or die - none will flee for fear of death."

and striking the backs of their own comrades.

Parched and exhausted by their exertions in the noon day heat, spearmen and knights were locked in a bitter struggle. Sensing the battle had reached its critical moments, Bruce now committed his own division, containing the Highlanders and men of the Isles, to the Scots' right flank.

Under this onslaught from men fresh and in a terrible battle fury, the English increasingly began to give ground, so that among the Scots ranks the cry was raised: "On them! On them! They fail!"

As the English were rolled inexorably back towards the marshy burn, the 'small folk' - those baggage handlers, servants and others whom Bruce had kept well to his rear - rushed down to join the melee. Mistaking these for fresh Scottish reinforcements, the English army wavered, and then began to disintegrate.

Edward himself had fought bravely, but judging all was lost, his advisers led the reluctant king away, with a powerful escort of 500 knights, north towards Stirling Castle. One of his retainers, Giles de Argentan, reputed to be the third best knight in Christendom, saw the king to safety then, spurning flight, returned to the battle where he was slain. The sight of the royal standard leaving the field turned withdrawal to rout and utter panic. Many who fled north were drowned

trying to cross the Forth, while others, caught up in the press of fugitives, perished in and around the Bannock Burn. Such was the number of drowned men and horses, it was said that a man could pass dry shod over the burn. One earl and at least 70 barons and knights lay dead, while the number of infantry slain, though not recorded, was undoubtedly far higher.

Nevertheless, the Scots' desire to gain valuable ransoms and the fact that many English knights succeeded in escaping, meant that these casualties were nothing like the appalling slaughter that was to befall the French at Crecy in 1346.

The Earl of Pembroke and a large unit of Welsh retreated in good order to Carlisle, while many knights, including Hereford, reached Bothwell Castle. Once inside, however, the constable, Walter fitz Gilbert, changed sides and handed them over to the Scots.

Meanwhile at Stirling, the castellan, Sir Philip de Mowbray, refused King Edward entry, knowing that the king was certain to be captured if he remained within, so that skirting around the Scottish army, Edward's party raced instead for the safety of Dunbar.

A group of Scottish horse under James Douglas gave pursuit, but Edward's bodyguard was too strong and he finally succeeded in taking a boat



to Berwick. So the greatest prize eluded the Scots, who had to content themselves with a fabulous booty from Edward's baggage.

Bruce has been criticised for taking a terrible risk on one battle, which did not decisively end the war with England. Failure to slay or capture Edward meant that Bruce would have to wait until 1328 before the English officially recognised his kingship and Scotland's independence.

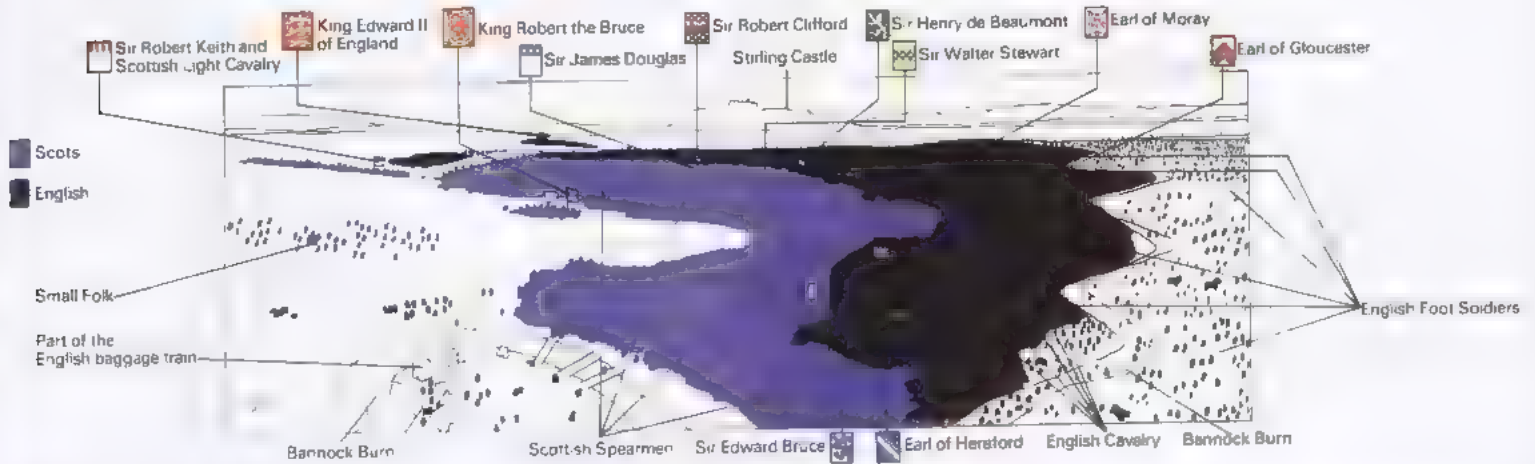
Before then, Edward II was able to invade Scotland once again in 1319, but this time Bruce avoided contact, rendering the expedition futile

by a scorched-earth policy. Yet Bannockburn was a resounding victory. Tactically, Bruce's masterly deployment of the schiltroms on the offensive anticipated the great victories of the Swiss pikemen in the 15th century.

Strategically, it gave Bruce control of all Scotland save Berwick, which fell to him in 1318. It allowed him to proscribe his internal enemies, the Balliols and Comyns, and place the north of England at his mercy. It was also a very personal triumph – because, in exchange for the Earl of Hereford, Bruce's queen, Elizabeth, his daughter,

Marjorie, and his sister, Mary, together with Bishop Wishart of Glasgow – all of whom had been confined in England since 1306 – were now freed.

Most important of all, Bannockburn established Bruce's reputation not just as an outstanding commander, but as undisputed king, setting the seal on the enterprise begun at a church in Dumfries in 1306. As the English writer of the Lanercost chronicle was forced to admit: "After the aforesaid victory, Robert de Brus was commonly called King of Scotland, because he had acquired Scotland by force of arms."



Who was where at the battle site. The graphic above is the key to the scene below – which shows the moment fortunes turned against the English.





■ Women in Medieval illustrations of the Four Humours: From left, Sanguine – associated with optimism, the colour red, and blood; Choleric – about

Fetchers of water..

Woman might have been weak in basic rights but they certainly made their presence felt

Medieval writers were ambivalent about women – who, they reckoned, could be weak and cause trouble but were also clever. “Women in mischief are wiser than men,” wrote a Scottish clerk in 1542. Laws assumed women were vulnerable and needed control by men, but many women defied these expectations

Girls could marry at 12, but most married considerably later, apart from the elite whose marriages were arranged for political or economic reasons. Childhood was often followed by a period of domestic service in other families, a few girls became apprentices. During these years, they learned the skills needed when they married and formed their own household

A few learned to write. The first woman’s signature appears in 1454, eleven years after the first man’s. James I’s daughters composed poetry, commissioned books, and supervised translations for their husbands’ European courts. Poems by Gaelic women and Mary, Queen of Scots, survive. Some female merchants kept account books. Most women, however, did not need this skill

To be valid in the Church’s eyes, a marriage needed both parties’ consent. Bride and groom contributed goods – the bride a dowry (tocher), often from her father, the groom something to provide for his wife after his death. Parents’

control over such resources enabled them to put pressure on children, but those who had worked and saved money had considerable freedom to choose their own partners

Some elite women also held out against their parents. Janet Ruthven refused to marry her parents’ choice because she had “no carnal affection or favour” for him. Marjory, Countess of Carrick, took direct action. Out riding, she spied a handsome nobleman and held him prisoner until he agreed to marry her. Their son, who inherited his mother’s boldness, was Robert Bruce

After Christian Penicuik failed to get her father’s consent to her marriage to Edmund Rutherford, she instructed Edmund to abduct and marry her. Less happily, heiresses were seized and forced into marriages with men who wanted their lands. It took nearly five years for Janet Jarden to escape from her husband – and he then had her excommunicated

On marriage, a woman kept her surname, but was under her husband’s authority. Her legal identity merged with his and he administered her property. She only controlled her paraphernalia, her jewellery and personal clothing. She could not make a will or a contract without his consent. However, in practice, such restrictions could be alleviated by carefully drawn-up marriage contracts. Women, as household managers, made



colour yellow and yellow bile; Phlegmatic age, resignation, colour white and phlegm; Melancholic profound thought, colour black and black bile.

towers of strength

contracts, and acted for their husbands in their absence. The trust husbands placed in them is shown by the many who appointed their wives executors. As one husband said: "The goods that I have and the debts that I owe me Margaret my spouse know."

There was also love. Adam Cosour bequeathed his goods to his wife Katherine Fotheringham "for the love and affection that he bears [to her]."

Women managed the household, raised children, and participated in the activities of workshop and farm. Merchant and craft wives commonly sold the goods produced by the family. When Queen Margaret later wanted an ornamental head-dress from an Edinburgh goldsmith, it was his wife she went to see.

Women of most status contributed to family income. The wife of the captain of Edinburgh Castle and the poet David Lindsay were seamstresses for the royal family. There were female bonnetmakers, weavers, candlemakers, spinners, tailors, and silkworkers. Women sold second-hand clothes, laundered, rented out rooms, and lent money. And women so dominated brewing that laws assumed brewers were female. Lists of female brewers include more than 100 names. Some women baked bread, while others baked cheap oatcakes for the poor. Hucksters bought up market produce such as

fruit, vegetables, oatmeal and cheese and resold it in smaller quantities to less well-off families.

Women's activities were crucial to their survival. Women came together as they fetched water from wells, washed clothes on the green, sold goods door-to-door or in the market, and helped each other with childbirth or sickness. Men gathered in courts or council meetings, but women met in more informal settings.

Their get-togethers could be lively – officials complained of noise made by female fruit-sellers on the street, while others criticised the strident cries of fishwives. Nor were women timid about defending themselves. They often appeared in court accused of assault and slander.

When widowed, many had the skills to carry on the family business. Merchant widows were particularly visible. Isabel Williamson, for instance, supplied the royal household in the 1470s and had trading contacts throughout Scotland and abroad. So well known was she that when her son Thomas first entered the business, he was recorded in official records as "Isabel Williamson's son."

Unmarried women and widows were seen to be legally independent adults. In several towns, they

■ A church view of Woman – as an apparent innocent who could lead a man into sin.



MEDIEVAL WOMEN



■ The chivalric image of Medieval women at court. But they were not just decorative. James I's daughters wrote poetry and commissioned books.

► could be burgesses (full citizens), or members of craft or merchant guilds. But they could not be elected to public office, nor could they serve as judges or on juries.

Despite this, women were not backward about coming to court to press for their rights when necessary. In times of crisis, moreover, they might take on roles which were usually closed to them. After many men died at the Battle of Flodden in 1513, several widows were appointed to replace them as collectors of the king's customs.

A widow had a right to one-third of her husband's property for life. But widowhood could also mean poverty for women with young children and debts to pay. Women represented a large percentage of the poor. Female-headed households accounted for about 20 per cent of a community's taxable households, and were among those paying the lowest taxes.

Remarriage was common for women and men. It was difficult to survive as a single parent, and so blended families with step-parents and step-children were common. Monastic life offered an alternative for some. Wealthy men and women established nunneries from about 1100. Bethag, daughter of Somerled, was first prioress of Iona nunnery, founded by her brother. The Iona Psalter in the National Library was perhaps made

for her. Nunneries were small, but religious women left their mark.

One particularly intrepid nun, Agnes Brown, travelled all the way to Rome to get Papal approval for her promotion in 1429. Nunneries educated daughters of elite families, although as many nuns were illiterate, and training was probably fairly basic. Convents also offered sanctuary from the world. Margaret, daughter of James II, spent much of her life at Elcho near Perth after disqualifying herself for high status marriage by bearing an illegitimate daughter. Others perhaps felt they had little hope of marriage. Elizabeth Lauder, for instance, sought entry to Haddington nunnery despite being illegitimate, lame in one foot and unable to sing.

Women travelled to shrines for help with illness and childbirth. They established altars where prayers would be said for their souls, and founded chapels and hospitals. Edinburgh's Magdalene Chapel was begun by a merchant, but it was his widow, Janet Rynd (whose tomb can still be seen) who completed it in the 1530s.

Within a few years, however, the Protestant Reformation had come to Scotland and women had to find new ways to express their faith. ●

■ Woman as the ultimate object of devotion: The cult of the Virgin became fashionable.



An Englishman's tribute to Bruce

It took Canadian cash to finish the statue of Bruce at Bannockburn because Scots wouldn't pay up

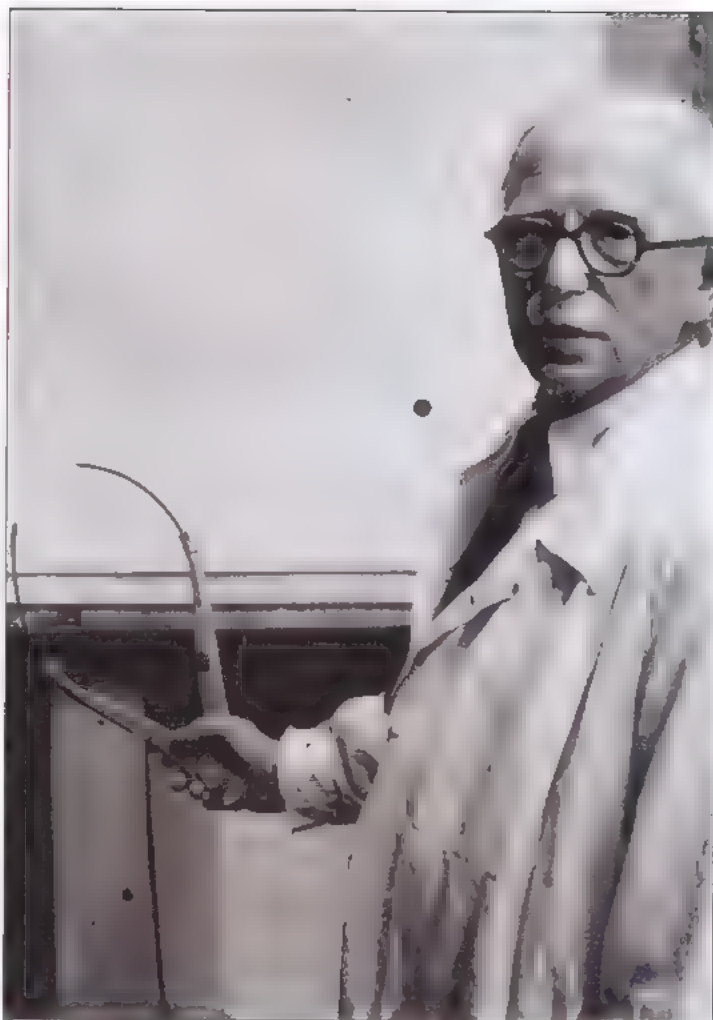
The face, framed by helmet and chain mail, is spare and dignified, with a pugnacious pout softened by the hint of a remote, regal smile. It is that of King Robert Bruce on the 15ft high bronze equestrian statue forming the focal point of the rotunda built at the Borestone site of the Battle of Bannockburn. The statue represents the king on his heavy charger.

Almost unknown is how a Scotland loving Englishman, Charles d'Orville Pilkington Jackson, who designed and sculpted the one-and-a-half times life size statue made a secret deal with a Canadian to provide emergency cash for its bronze-casting and enabled the statue to be ready on time for unveiling by the Queen on June 24, 1964 – the battle's 650th anniversary.

Scots in these pre-Braveheart days kept a grip on their wallets when asked in 1961 to help a £27,000 appeal under the chairmanship of Lord Clyde, Lord Justice General, to cover the statue's costs.

By 1962, the appeal committee had collected only £5000 when Lord Clyde pleaded for £100 each from 'a gallant band' of any 200 patriotic Scots. Later he was to become desperate, stating that if each Scot coughed up only a bawbee – or halfpenny – the target could be met.

That year, the plaster statue sent to a Cheltenham foundry for bronze casting – no Scottish firm was big enough to take the job – was returned to the sculptor's Edinburgh studio because not enough money had been raised to pay for it. Before being sent back to Cheltenham it was displayed at Edinburgh's Royal Scottish Academy and Waverley



■ Pilkington Jackson went to great lengths to get the statue just right.

Market during the Festival in a vain attempt to collect more cash. Pilkie, as he was known to friends, all five feet four inches of artistic dynamism, white-moustached and pinky-professorial, had made a secret deal to cast a replica of the statue for Eric L. Harvie, Canadian lawyer and philanthropist, which was later erected at Calgary, Alberta, to commemorate the town's Scots links.

On a visit to Mr Harvie's Calgary ranch during a 1963 cash-raising tour, Mr Jackson phoned the appeal committee in Edinburgh to gift half the amount he was paid for his work on the replica. When the granite work for the statue's pedestal was to begin the only money available was already owed to the sculptor for his

work. Pilkie promptly made £3000 (£36,000 today) of it available to the fund. The appeal did not reach its target until 1966.

Pilkington Jackson was born at Garerick, Cornwall, in 1887, but said he was "a Scot by adoption and absorption" and, with a flash of impish humour, quick to point out that Bruce was of Norman descent.

His passion for meticulous detail when sculpting many distinguished works was revealed when, to get the exact bone structure of Bruce's head for the statue, he used the cast of his skull made in 1819 when the tomb was found in Dunfermline Abbey.

He also consulted experts in dentistry and anatomy as well as orthopaedic and oral surgeons to



■ The Queen unveils the famous statue at Bannockburn in 1964.

establish a facial likeness. The warrior king – whose heart was reburied at Melrose Abbey last June after it was discovered during an archaeological dig two years earlier – was found to have his upper front teeth missing and an aggressive lower lip.

Pilkie modelled the face 18 times before he was satisfied. He was 76 when he began moulding and texturing over three tons of clay, using a hydraulic ramp to raise, lower or turn the statue. At one stage he was working 60 hours a week in his blue, clay-stained dungarees and jaunty peak cap, mainly on the statue.

Educated at Loretto School, Musselburgh, he gained a sculpture diploma and travelling scholarship at Edinburgh College of Art in 1910. During World War I, he served with the Royal Field Artillery and was mentioned in dispatches. He became a president of the Society of Scottish Artists and Fellow of the Royal Society of British Sculptors.

His last work for the Bruce statue was on the unveiling choreography, making sure that the Queen was no nearer to the statue than 10 feet because about 100 lbs of material and dragging weights were to fall and, if she were engulfed, the Press would have had a field day. But all worked perfectly and Pilkie, a small man but with a big, generous heart, was 10 feet tall that day.

Still working six hours a day, he died in 1973, aged 85. He owed his inspiration to Scotland, and Scotland will always be in his debt. ●

It has a lot of ground – and time – to cover. But the relatively new Museum of Scotland does so in great style, taking you effortlessly from our ancient rock cradle through the Medieval monarchies to 20th century items chosen by the people

For all our

Scotland's known history starts 3,400 million years ago, people have been living in Scotland for around 10,000 years; and we've had a Museum of Scotland for just one year. Not surprisingly, it has attracted huge attention and debate. It is one of several developments that reveal a surge of interest in Scotland's past and excitement about its present.

The Museum of Scotland is a place of real things, from the rock that formed the landscape to the amazing variety of objects reflecting life in Scotland over 10 millennia. These objects tell many stories about big events that touched the lives of millions and tiny incidents that affected just a few, about the ordinary and the extraordinary.

The fascination of objects is that their stories are often a little bit different from the version you find in mainstream history. And there are many layers in what they have to tell.

Take St Fillan's crozier, displayed in the Medieval Church gallery. St Fillan was an 8th century Irish monk who spread Christianity in the Highlands. His crozier was preserved in a beautiful

silver gilt shrine, in the care of the Dewar family.

But the crozier is much more than part of Celtic church history and an example of superb craftsmanship. It went to Canada with emigrants in the early 19th century, returned to Scotland 60 years later, has kept descendants of the Dewar family closely involved with the Museum of Scotland, and may revisit Canada next year. In other words, it's a wonderful object of the past and also very much a living part of the present.

In a geological timescale, St Fillan belongs to the very recent past. To start at the beginning, go down to Level Zero where you find rocks that are hundreds of millions of years old and can follow how Scotland's landscape was formed. Humans arrived after the last Ice Age, on the heels of the animals which repopulated the land. In the Early People section, on the same level, you can explore how Scotland's first human inhabitants lived.

Prehistoric material is always intriguing, as we have only those artefacts and sites that have survived. There are almost no written records to give us a clue of how people thought and spoke, and few images to show us what people looked

■ So-modern museum of Scotland with echoes of castles and tenements – and full of surprising twists and turns.



yesterdays

like Many objects themselves are mysterious. What was the purpose of the massive silver chains associated with the Picts? Where did the anonymous maker of the stunning Hunterston brooch learn his skills? How do you explain the eerie carved figure found in Ballachulish?

Yet surviving evidence tells us a great deal about domestic life, work and warfare, trade and travel, and about artistic and spiritual life. And some are resounding statements of religious belief, or power, or ingenuity. The sculpted lioness found at Cramond, Edinburgh, says a lot about how the Romans saw themselves. Hundreds of objects show people's skill in using resources around them, not just to survive but to enhance their lives.

Upstairs on Level One you find the massive Dupplin Cross – temporarily housed in the Museum before returning to Perthshire – at the entrance to The Kingdom of the Scots. It marks the transition from prehistory to the time when written records help us to understand Scotland's story. Now we have people, places, events we can identify, and dates to piece together a narrative.

Now we can put a name to Scotland and can

define the different peoples who came together to form the Scottish nation. They included the Britons and the Picts, the Angles originally from Northern Europe, the Gaels, the Vikings and the Normans. They all left their mark on objects you can see displayed – and in places and family names around the country.

The Kingdom of Scots ranges over the Medieval monarchy and the church, Gaelic history and culture, trade, and the impact of the Renaissance and new scientific thinking on Scottish life.

The guide book recommends a route that ends with a gallery called New Horizons, which takes you to 1707 and the last Scottish parliament for nearly 300 years.

Upstairs on Level Three you find the story continues with the Union of Scottish and English parliaments and the shift of government to London.

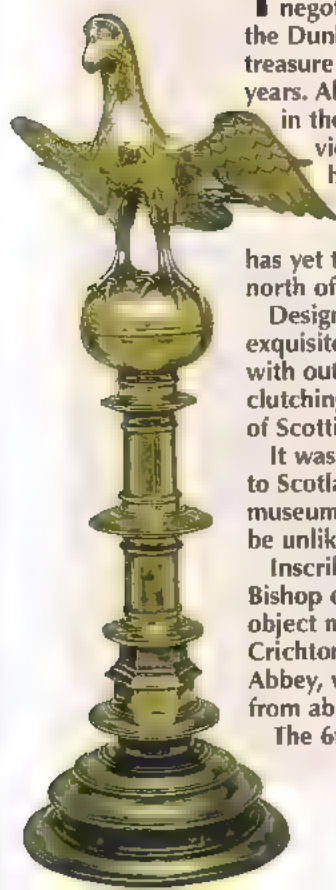
This is Scotland Transformed. Some of the consequences of the change in the way Scotland was governed – for trade, industry and politics – are explored here.

The central area is dominated by huge ►



■ On display: the 1,300-year-old Invergowrie Stone, showing a warrior taking a drink from a horn before going into battle.

THE PRIZE THAT YOU CAN'T SEE



The National Museum are negotiating for stewardship of the Dunkeld Lectern, a Scots treasure 'missing' for over 450 years. Although it is physically held in the museum, visitors cannot view it – because ownership has long been in dispute. As its name implies, it is of Scots provenance – but it has yet to be officially returned north of the Border.

Designed to hold a Bible, the exquisitely-designed brass eagle – with outstretched wings and clutching an orb – is a rare survivor of Scottish Renaissance art.

It was thought to be a Papal gift to Scotland, created in Italy. But museum staff now believe that to be unlikely.

Inscribed 'George Crichton, Bishop of Dunkeld', the beautiful object may instead be a gift from Crichton to Edinburgh's Holyrood Abbey, when he was promoted from abbot there in 1526.

The 6ft-high lectern was looted

from the abbey in 1544, during Henry VIII's 'Rough Wooing' of Scotland. Richard Lee, the master of the English army's artillery, probably removed it, along with the font from the abbey, to melt down to make cannon.

Obviously he had second thoughts – and donated them to St Stephen's Church in St Albans, Hertfordshire. But once again it vanished when it was buried in a grave.

It was rediscovered in the 18th century and went back on display in the church.

Demands were made for its return, but these were rejected.

Then a group of Scots, calling themselves the Scottish National Guardians, struck in a moonlight raid on the church in 1984.

The lectern was removed and taken into hiding – this time, rumour has it, to another grave in the West Highlands.

It remained hidden for 15 years until last year – when the director

of the Netherbow Arts Centre in Edinburgh received a call announcing 'a delivery' in reception.

The Netherbow had been in contact with the Guardians since 1992, and with the creation of a Scottish Parliament, the time was deemed right for the national icon's return.

Since then it has been in the safe-keeping of the National Museum of Scotland – and the Church of England has happily allowed the lectern to remain there while negotiations are completed to put it on future public display.

Indeed, the St Albans church appears to be more than pleased with the gift of a replica it received from the Church of Scotland – and is apparently not averse to the official return of the real one.

Its vicar, the Rev Christopher Fitcher, says: "The return of the lectern, which means a lot to Scots, would be part of a healing process between our two countries."

■ Coins from the reign of King Alexander III.

► machines, particularly the massive Newcomen pumping engine which drained a colliery at

Kilmarnock. Here is evidence of the revolutionary changes in technology which led to Scotland becoming one of the most industrialised countries of the 19th century. But Scotland was at the forefront of intellectual

as well as industrial development, and the gallery called The Spirit of the Age looks at the social and political scene at the time of Enlightenment.

Bonnie Prince Charlie is bound to feature in any roll call of famous Scots, and in the museum he takes his place in the account of the Jacobite risings. This is a very rich area, as so much material survives, linked with the risings themselves and with the cult of Jacobite relics that flourished for decades after Prince Charlie's defeat at Culloden in 1746.

The silver travelling canteen, which fell into the hands of the Duke of Cumberland after the battle, is a key exhibit in his story. But the objects that best sum up the poignancy of a divided Scotland are two banners of regiments that faced each other at Culloden – those of the Jacobite Appin Stewarts, and of the government's Barrell's Regiment.

Most of the Jacobite colours were captured and burned at Edinburgh's Mercat Cross, but the Appin banner was rescued and given to the Stewart of Ballachulish. The Barrell colours were also eventually given to Stewart, so that the flags which opposed to each other at Culloden 'might thereafter rest in peace side by side'.

The story of Scotland's distinctive religious life is taken up on Level Three with The Church, and immediately above is Daith Comes In which looks at rituals of burial and mourning. Here you find some of the museum's most baffling objects – the miniature coffins that were found on Arthur's Seat.

They've never been fully explained, although there is a theory that they may have something to do with the victims of Burke and Hare.

Industry and Empire begins with the Workshop of the World and a focus on railway engineering, whisky distilling and shipbuilding. The Ellesmere locomotive and the huge copper spirit still are powerful symbols – here we encounter the heyday of Scotland's industrial activity.

The next level examines Victorian and Edwardian life, especially in the growing cities which saw the most extreme events of industrialisation – grinding poverty at one end of

the scale, wealth and grandeur at the other. This was a time when large numbers of Scots were on the move. Thousands came from rural areas to the cities and towns, putting pressure on living space and services. Thousands more left Scotland altogether.

The Scotland and the World gallery looks at this stream of emigration, which had enormous consequences for Scotland. Linked with the gallery is a major initiative to further understanding of the impact of this migration, on Scots, Scotland and countries where Scots worked and settled.

The building itself helps make connections with the past. There are echoes of Medieval castles and city tenements, and glimpses of the street outside also full of history interest – and of displays in other parts of the museum. There are twists and turns and surprises. You can stand in the Hawthornden Court and look through a narrow slit to the beautiful Cadboll cup in the Renaissance gallery. Or try walking up the curved stair at the east end of the building, dappled with light and shade, and look across at the Royal Museum, where international displays also reflect endeavour.

Continue up and you reach the 20th century. Here you find displays of material chosen by the people of Scotland to represent Scotland in the

20th century. It's a stimulating, and sometimes controversial, mixture of the very personal and items that have made a difference to the lives of most of us.

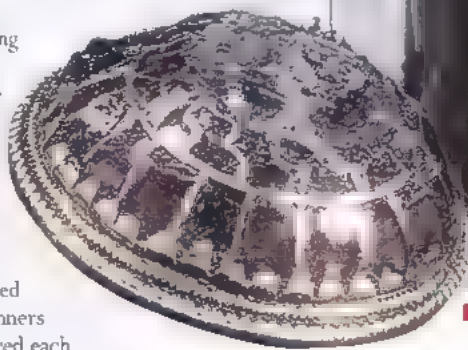
But don't stop in the 20th century. From the roof you get a spectacular view, encompassing a great deal of what the Museum of Scotland is all about. There are the remnants of volcanoes which shaped the landscape, places of early settlement, the Firth of Forth which remind us of religion, politics and learning, battlefields, tenements and mansions.

It's a vista which reinforces the sense of identity and cultural richness which the Museum of Scotland – the building and the 12,000 or so objects within it – represents. ●

■ Elegant gold collar from 2000 to 1700BC, found by a Dumfriesshire farmer in 1870s.



■ Stud from Anglian sword harness (left) found in East Linton, and (above) the Guthrie bell shrine from an early monastery, with designs added in 14th century.





■ The Eclipse – one of Scotland's most successful whaling ships – prowls the icy Arctic waters in search of the giants of the deep.

A ship that's full of
oil my lads, and
money to our name

Scots were slow
to get into the
whaling industry
but the first tiny
ripples soon
became a tidal
wave of riches

Men who started Scotland's first oil boom 200 years ago

When the whale ship *Christina* sailed from Aberdeen bound for the Arctic on a gusty day in February, 1791, her crew hoped she would come back with a fortune in oil - whale oil. Instead, dogged by bad luck and bad weather, she returned with an empty hold.

Nevertheless, the ripples she made were to turn into a tidal wave of prosperity for the whalers that followed her, for her voyage marked the start of Scotland's first oil boom.

The Scots were slow to start the chase for whale oil, and the industry was dominated by the English, the Danes and the Dutch. The first Aberdeen whaling company, formed in the mid 18th century, went out of business in 1775. But in 1783, boosted by a government bounty, the Aberdeen Whaling Company was formed. The first ships they sent to Greenland were the *Latona*, the *Hercules* and the *Christina*.

The Scots who went a-whaling came from ports in the east coast, from the Northern Isles, and from Greenock. There were some 20 whaling ports in Scotland, half the total of the British Isles, but the dominant centres were Aberdeen, Dundee and Peterhead.

Long before the Scots set sail for the Arctic, the Dutch had shown the way. The *Christina* found herself among 71 whalers, most of them Dutch, but this was literally only a drop in the ocean. From 1675 to 1721 the Dutch had 5,886 whaling ships. Their catch totalled nearly 33,000 whales - worth £20 million, an incredible sum even by to-day's oil boom standards.

The men who manned the whale ships thought their pot of gold lay in the Arctic seas. A song summed it up: 'It'll be bright both day and night, when the Greenland lads come home. "Wi' a ship that's fu' o' oil, my lads, and money to our name."

Just as the modern oil boom



■ Captain David Gray, left, and his son Robert were two of Scotland's legendary whaling masters.

produced legendary names, the hunt for whale oil also had its heroes. On display in Aberdeen Maritime Museum are silver snuff boxes presented to two of them - Captain William Penny and Captain John Parker. They were giants of the whaling industry in Aberdeen, their activities straddling almost the whole of the 19th century. The inscription on Penny's snuff box says it was presented by 'the crew of the brig *Lady Franklin* as a token of their regard'.

Yet Captain Penny was a dour, unswerving master. Captain Parker was also a tough disciplinarian. When his ship, the *Bon-Accord*, was stuck in ice, its sailmaker went off to visit another vessel without asking permission. The ice cleared and the *Bon-Accord* got under way,

leaving the missing man behind. He was seen desperately struggling across the ice to catch up with his ship. The crew pleaded with Parker not to leave the man to certain death. He refused, but when the *Bon-Accord* was again stuck in the ice the

sailmaker was able to catch up after a 16-hour chase.

William Penny came from Peterhead, that cradle of legendary whalers. Born in 1809, he was the son of a

whaling master, also William Penny.

Penny junior went to sea with his father as an apprentice in 1821 and 14 years later took command of his first ship, the 220-ton barque *Neptune*. He was 26 years old.

He had exploration in his blood and during his search for new fisheries gave his name to places like Penny's Strait and Penny's Ice

Cap. Towards the end of his career he went to Dundee to help in the introduction of steam whalers. He commanded one, the *Polymia*, on her maiden voyage in 1861.

His whaling career ended where it began - at Peterhead. In 1863 he took command of the Peterhead whaler *Queen* and sailed to Hudson Bay. The following year he left the Arctic for the last time. He died in 1892 at the age of 82.

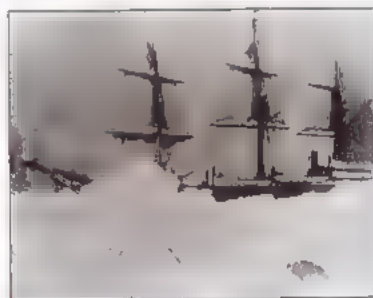
The Grays of Peterhead were also among Scotland's legendary whaling masters.

While fishing in the Greenland seas in June 1887, the Peterhead whaler *Eclipse* celebrated Queen Victoria's golden jubilee by killing a 57ft long female whale.

It was the largest whale ever caught by Captain David Gray, and a seaman on the *Hope* - skippered by Gray's brother John - wrote a special jubilee song about it.

*The boats they pulled to leeward
Went skipping o'er the sea,
And killed this noble whale fish
Another jubilee.*

The whale yielded 27 tons of oil.



■ The *Eclipse* is trapped in Arctic ice.



■ Moment of danger as a frail boat comes close to a giant whale.

and its jawbone, measuring close on 20ft, was sent to South Kensington Museum in London

Captain Gray retired four years later. He was one of the 19th century's outstanding whaling captains, known for his scientific knowledge and an expert on Arctic natural history and the habits of whales. Not far from his birthplace in Peterhead is a plaque marking the construction of a modern quay. Its name is Blubber Box Quay.

The Grays and their relatives formed a whaling dynasty that went back to the late 18th century when Captain A. Geary commanded Peterhead's first whaleship, the 169-ton brig Robert. Geary married Barbara Gray, daughter of the elder David Gray, who had three sons — John, David and Alexander. All became successful whalers, but it was David who left an indelible mark on the industry.

In 1884, when he was only 14, David went to sea with his father on board the Eclipse, a ship that gave its name to an inlet in the Davis Straits — Eclipse Sound. Twenty years later he took command of another Eclipse, a steam whaler that was to write its name across the pages of Greenland's whaling history.

The toll of whales and seals in his 40 years at sea would horrify today's conservationists — he killed 198 Bowhead whales and 168,956 seals.

The whalemens plunged their

lances into these gentle giants and called it 'tapping the claret bottle' and when blood spouted from their blowholes they said it was 'running up the red flag'.

David Gray's son, Captain Robert Gray, who sailed with his father on eight voyages, came to regret the wholesale killing of whales and seals. He regarded 1814 as one of the most disastrous years.

"Hundreds of animals were killed and much harm done to the species and fishery," he said.

In 1838, the Peterhead fleet of 10 ships took 80 whales and 28,708 seals. The top ship was the old Eclipse under Captain John Gray. It took 22 whales and 5,500 seals, most of them nursery whales no more than 30ft long. Later, one of his relatives — Captain John Suttar, known as 'Psalm Singing' Suttar, came home with 44 whales, the largest catch ever taken by a Scottish vessel.

Towards the end of the century the largest number of seals taken in one season by a single vessel was 23,000, yielding 270 tons of oil and valued at about £14,000.

But not all the Greenland lads came home "wi' a ship that's fu' o' oil" and money in their pockets.

For some, their voyage to the Arctic wastes ended in a coffin in the ice, with a wooden board to record his name, age, birthplace and the name of his ship. ●

A TERRIBLE TOLL OF POLAR BEARS



A polar bear is proudly displayed by crewmen on the Snowdrop, the smallest vessel ever to sail with the Dundee fleet.

It was common practice for whalers to bring bears back from Arctic waters — live ones to sell to zoos or dead ones for museums.

In 1854, the Dundee whaler Polynia brought home 22 dead bears and two live ones. During the 1909-10 season nearly 200 bears were slaughtered by British whalers in eastern Arctic waters.

The owner of the Snowdrop was Osbert Claire Forsyth Grant, son of the Laird of Ecclesgreig, near Montrose.

In 1904, when he was 24, he signed up for a voyage to Norway and Lapland. This persuaded him that his future lay in whaling and his father gave him money to buy the Snowdrop. But the whales he set out to catch were almost as big as the tiny ketch itself.

It was impossible to haul them on board, and the whales had to be cut into pieces. His total catch on the first voyage was 'one Black Whale, two Walrus, 17 bears, 15 tons of oil and 17 tons of bones'.

The local paper carried the headline, 'Montrose Gentleman's Trip — Perils of the Arctic'.

But his second trip in 1906 was a disaster. There were arguments over the Snowdrop's seaworthiness and a number of men quit.

Forsyth-Grant was left with three men to sail the Snowdrop home.

He was back in the Arctic the

following year — a bad year for Scottish whalers. His hold was filled with anything they could lay their harpoons on — walrus, seals, foxes and polar bears.

In 1908, recruiting his crew from Aberdeen and Dundee, he filled the ship with 650 walrus, 600 seals and 'a great many bears'.

They were lying off Topjuack in Frobisher Bay when a storm blew up. The Snowdrop, battered by the terrible storm, was wrecked. Some men reached the shore and made their way overland to safety. Later, Forsyth Grant and the rest of the crew were picked up by an American schooner.

In 1911, the Laird's son bought a steam auxiliary, the Seduisante, and went whaling again. His ship was spotted by the Dundee whaler Active, and a week later was seen by the Chrissie Thomey pushing her way through driving snow.

But the Seduisante was to run out of luck. She crashed into a hidden reef, and Forsyth Grant and every member of her Scottish crew died. The bodies of the captain and chief engineer were recovered and buried under a pile of stones.

There is a huge, stuffed Polar bear in the Arbuthnot Museum in Peterhead. They call it Snowy.

It is said to have got off a ship, lumbered through the town, and walked into a pub. The truth is that it was caught by Captain David Gray, who presented it to Peterhead town council.



■ The crew of a Peterhead whaling ship, some of them just boys.

Lighting up Britain

He is best known for exploiting shale oil. But 'Paraffin' Young was a great friend of explorer David Livingstone

He was a brilliant Scots scientist who was full of energy in more ways than one. He improved the life of millions, and brought employment and prosperity to himself and to Scotland more than 100 years ago.

James Young was a dynamic genius, who literally brought light into the dark corners of Victorian Britain by discovering how to obtain paraffin oil and wax by slow distillation.

His adoption and patenting of the technique gave him the nickname Paraffin Young – the name by which he is still often known today. His discovery was so important that it changed the landscape of Scotland.

The huge shale bings standing hundreds of feet high which can be seen in West Lothian stand as a testament to his remarkable scientific discovery.

Young was born in 1811 in Glasgow's Drygate. He was initially apprenticed to his father, who was a joiner, but later decided that he wanted to go a different way – to advance himself through education. He signed up for evening classes at the city's Anderson's College, which in later years was to become the University of Strathclyde. During his time at the college, he became a close friend of David Livingstone, who was to go on to explore and open up Africa.

In 1832, Young became assistant to the famous chemist and physicist Thomas Graham, who went on to formulate the law of gas diffusion. Five years later, both men decided to develop their careers further by moving south of the Border to take up positions at University College, London.

Two years later, Young was on the move again this time into private industry. He became the manager of a chemical works near Liverpool, later moving to another works near Manchester.

His move into industry did not dull his spirit of scientific enquiry – if anything, it simply increased it. He discovered new and more efficient ways of producing two chemicals important to business at the time – stannate of soda and chlorate of potash and also made another important breakthrough by proving that cast iron could replace silver in the manufacture of caustic soda.

His next project was at Ridding's Colliery at Alfreton in Derbyshire, where natural oil was seeping from the ground. This intrigued Young, who had already become convinced by experiments he had carried out at University College that, if

properly treated, both shale

oil and coal could be used to produce paraffin. He worked on the project for three years between 1848 and 1851, refining ideas which had been tried out in France earlier in the century. His theories quickly turned out to be correct. In 1850 he wisely took out a patent for the slow distillation of bituminous substances.

Young realised, however, that some of the richest seams of shale lay not in Nottinghamshire, but back in his native Scotland. Once the Alfreton reserves had been worked out, he moved back north of the Border and established a shale industry from the deposits of Mid and West Lothian.

In 1862, his plants began production. He used his distillation techniques to process the crude shale oil into burning and lubricating oils and paraffin wax and the Addiewell works he built near West Calder was reputed to be the largest oil production plant in the world.

The industry turned out to be enormously successful – paraffin was the main source of energy for heating and cooking at the time, and there was a huge demand for it.

His patent for shale distillation ran out in 1866, opening up the industry to others. More than 120 companies were launched, and for the next 50 years more than three million tons of shale and coal were

■ James Young's spirit of scientific enquiry was not diminished by his commercial success.



mined and treated in the region every year.

Young maintained a presence in the industry by setting up his own limited company, but his spirit of scientific enquiry had not been diminished by his commercial success.

He went on to suggest that caustic lime could prevent the corrosion of the new generation of iron ships by bilge water – a significant problem at the time.

In 1878 Young began a series of experiments to try to determine the velocity of white and coloured light. By this stage in his life, he had

bought two country estates – one at Dullis on the Dee and another, Kelly House, at Wemyss Bay on the Clyde.

He used Kelly House for his experiments in light, shooting a beam across to Innellan on the opposite shore. He also renewed his association with Anderson's College, where he was made President. He gave 10,000 guineas to establish a chair of technical chemistry there.

Throughout his life, Young had remained a close friend of David Livingstone, and he helped to fund the explorer's second and third expeditions in Africa. When Livingstone went missing and was eventually found by the journalist Henry Morton Stanley – who greeted him with the immortal words 'Doctor Livingstone, I presume?' – Young paid £2,000 towards the cost of the rescue venture.

When Livingstone finally died in Africa in 1873, Young brought his personal servants back to Scotland to live, even building a grass hut in the grounds of Kelly House so they could feel at home. He also preserved the memory of his friend by erecting the statue which still stands in Glasgow's George Square.

James Young himself died in 1878 and was buried in the Renfrewshire village of Inverkip – close to Kelly House. The shale industry he masterminded was to live on much longer – until the 1950s, in fact, when it was finally superseded by the more modern and less troublesome method of obtaining crude oil from underground wells.

Paraffin Young may be gone, but he is far from forgotten. His monument lies not in his gravestone, but in the giant flat-topped piles of shale debris which still mark the landscape of much of central Scotland to this day. ●

Where else would the inventor of the raincoat come from?

Charles Macintosh gave the world the waterproof coat which bears his name. He was born in Glasgow in 1766, so perhaps it is not surprising that he invented something to keep out the rain.

He made his reputation by finding a new and ingenious method of using rubber as a waterproof sealant.

Rubber had been known about for centuries. It was Macintosh, however, who discovered its properties as a bonding agent.

He had already established a successful bleaching and dyeing operation, but he needed ammonia for this process, which he bought locally from a Glasgow gasworks.

After extracting the ammonia to treat his fabrics, Macintosh was left with coal tar as a by-product of the process.

This could be treated to produce naphtha, which was an inflammable spirit used for lighting at the time.

Macintosh remembered that if naphtha was mixed with rubber, it dissolved the latter to form a sticky, tacky mixture.

He realised that this could be used for bonding and sealing fabric, producing a waterproof coat. Macintosh painted one



■ Charles Macintosh, inset, gave the world the raincoat – worn here by actor Humphrey Bogart.

side of his wool cloth with the tacky mixture, and then placed another piece of wool cloth on top. The result was a sandwich of wool, with an impervious layer in the middle.

He patented the process in 1823. At first, production proved to be difficult, because the way the fabric was stitched together produced holes which allowed water to penetrate it.

However, this problem was overcome

when scientists in America discovered vulcanised rubber in 1839.

Macintosh went on to enjoy great commercial success, opening a series of factories to manufacture his new invention.

He died in 1843, having given Scots (and later the world) one of the most useful products of the age – a coat to finally protect them from the rigours of their notoriously bad weather!



■ Brisbane: Gave city its name.

THE STAR-GAZING GOVERNOR

Thomas Makdougall Brisbane was the Scot who literally went to the ends of the earth in pursuit of science – and in doing so became one of the fathers of modern Australia.

The city of Brisbane is named after the man who was born in Largs in 1773 and went on to become governor of New South Wales. He was an accomplished military tactician – he fought alongside

Wellington – but Brisbane's real passion was astronomy.

Almost as soon as he reached Australia, he built an observatory with the aim of mapping and listing all the stars of the southern hemisphere.

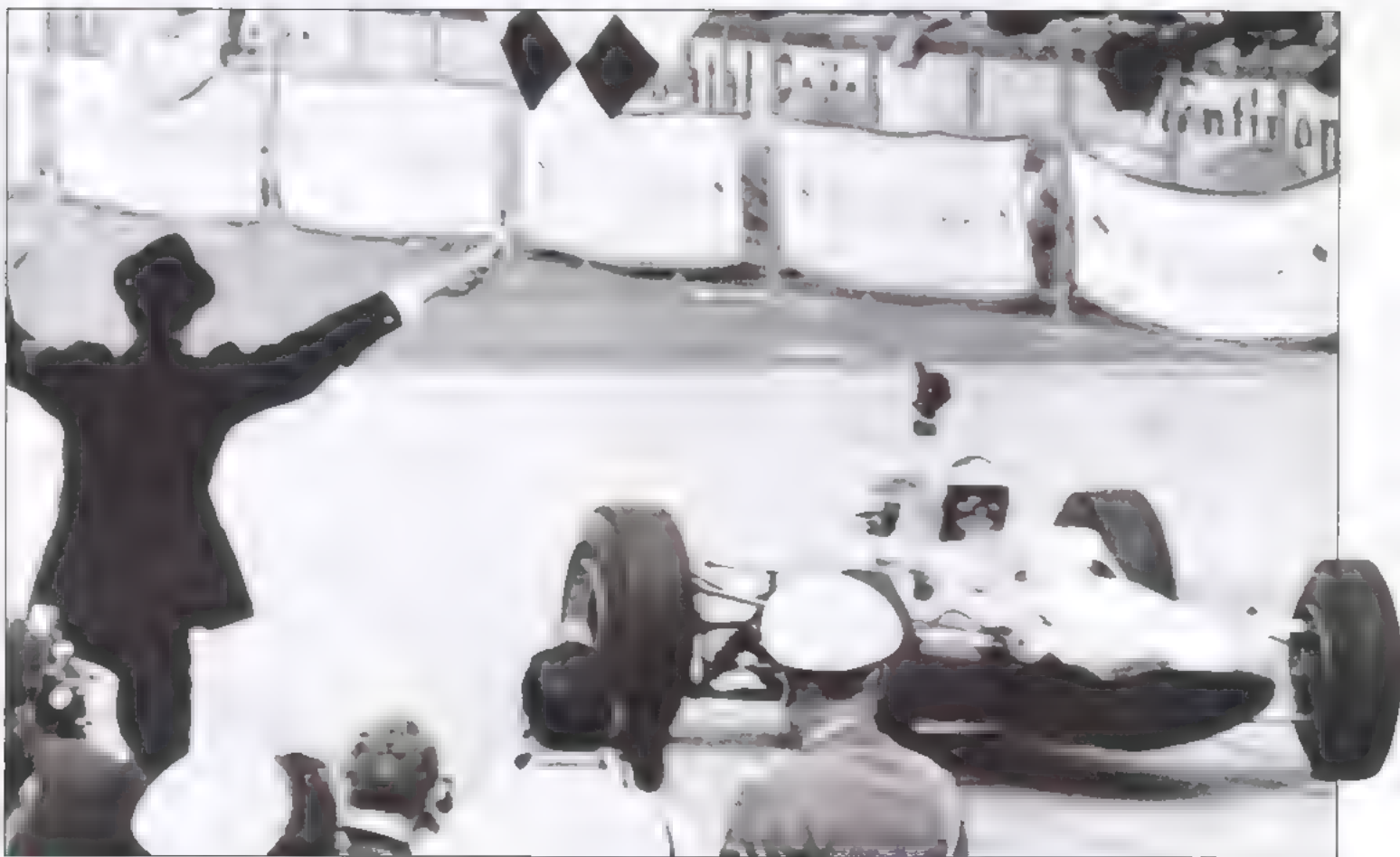
His hobby took up so much of his time that he was accused of putting it before his job, but he remained undeterred by the criticism and managed to list 7,385 stars in the

so-called Brisbane Catalogue.

He returned to Britain in 1824, built another observatory near Roxburgh, and became president of the Royal Society of Edinburgh. He died in 1860, and is buried at Skelmorlie near Largs.

His star catalogue is still used today, and his memory continues to be honoured by a planetarium in Australia and a crater on the Moon which is named after him.

Flying Scot lived for



■ **Glory in Germany:** Jim Clark streaks over the finishing line at the Nurburgring circuit to win Formula One's 1965 world driver's championship.

To everyone he was 'Lucky Jim', the farmer's boy from Scotland who conquered the world of Formula One racing. By any yardstick he was among the greatest drivers of all time.

Though he had an endearing quality of humility, Jim Clark was born to be a racing driver with cool concentration and nerves of steel. The dangers were obvious, but he simply wiped them from his mind once he settled into a driving seat.

Formula One enthusiasts still speculate how many more world championships bachelor Clark would have added to his successes of 1963 and 1965, had tragedy not ended his career. On top of the world double, he won a total of 25 grand prix events and also scored a stunning triumph in America's classic Indianapolis 500.

His second championship victory really underlined his outstanding ability, because he won by 23 seconds – the equivalent of about half a mile. He took the lead from Graham Hill over the mountainous 15-mile Nurburgring circuit in Germany and stayed in front to the end.

Engines often let Clark down. In the Modena Grand Prix in 1961 he finished on only two gears, and the next year he had to retire from 14 races. But the worst blow was quitting the South African Grand Prix in the last race of 1962 because of a

loose screw in the engine. Clark knew the world title was the glitzy added prize for the winner. Agonisingly, he led for three-quarters of the way before having to pack in. And in Mexico in 1964 he lost the world crown in the final race because his engine was losing oil.

Despite such setbacks, he was up there with the best – winning regularly against talented contemporaries such as Jackie Stewart, Jack Brabham and Graham Hill.

Stirling Moss – 'the greatest champion we never had' – was his hero and it was seeing him at Brands Hatch that kick started the instincts of a youngster desperate to drive and win.

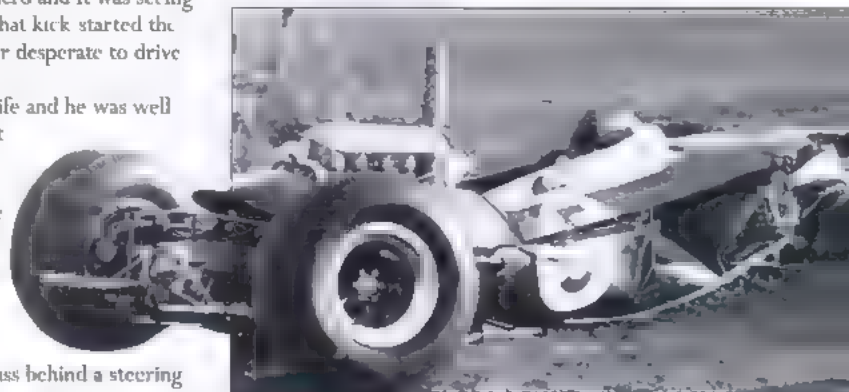
Speed was Clark's life and he was well aware of the perils but accepted them as a challenge in the high profile, razor-edge life he was determined to lead for £60,000 a year – a pittance compared to current drivers' pay levels.

Clark was world class behind a steering wheel and was nicknamed 'Lucky' because of a series of escapes from high-speed crashes. Lesser men would have given up after Monza in

1961 when, during the Italian Grand Prix, Clark's car touched wheels with a Ferrari driven by German ace Wolfgang von Trips and his Lotus spun dramatically on to the grass.

The Ferrari plunged into the crowd, killing 13 spectators, before bouncing back with its driver also dead. Clark leapt from his driver's seat and tried to drag von Trips' car off the track before others thundered round the curve.

He was deeply touched by what happened, and didn't compete again for three months – even



■ **Death in Germany:** The wreck of the Lotus-Ford after Clark's fatal crash at Hockenheim in 1968.

speed

He was a shy young Scots farmer who preferred cars to tractors. So much so that Jim Clark was twice world motor-racing champion



■ Another trophy for the world's fastest driver. Clark's collection now fills a museum in his home town of Duns.

though he was officially exonerated from any blame. Then he found the tonic he needed by winning the South African Grand Prix – breaking the legendary Fangio's record of 24 victories.

But he had many more near things. Two years later he walked away after his car struck a guard rail and was wrecked at New Jersey. In April 1964, he lost a wheel at Aintree but again walked away. In January 1966, he escaped injury after his car was struck by another in a downpour at Christchurch, New Zealand.

Two months later, he was unhurt when his car overturned on the 12th lap of the West German Grand Prix. In July of the same year he was taken to hospital when a bird crashed into his face as he drove at more than 100mph preparing for the French Grand Prix at Rheims. And when a wheel came off his car in the 1967 Indianapolis 500, his luck held yet again.

Driving fast was in his blood. At 12, before he could see properly above the steering wheel, he drove a huge family Alvis on his parents' farm driveway at Duns in Berwickshire.

He graduated to a farm tractor then to an Austin Seven before getting his first touch of speed at the wheel of a Sunbeam Talbot. He had to sneak away to his earliest meetings at the Crimond circuit. His father said Jim went as a

mechanic, but eventually admitted he felt more at home among the drivers.

Soon he was a member of the Border Reivers, a racing syndicate formed by a local garage owner. It was with the Reivers that he had his first try at the Le Mans 24-hour race.

He couldn't see above the windscreen of his Aston Martin, so mechanics propped him up on cushions and he roared home in third place.

Inevitably, his consistency caught the eye of the big players and he joined the Aston Martin team before being recruited to Formula One. That was when the partnership he forged with Colin Chapman of Lotus was to prove unbeatable.

Clark was a handsome man but romance wasn't on his agenda, although he had several society girlfriends. He believed fast cars and marriage didn't go together. Asked if he ever thought about death, he said: "It comes to us all sooner or later. Naturally, I would prefer it to be later."

It was to come sooner, however. His fairytale life ended abruptly on a fateful day 31 years ago when his Lotus-Ford somersaulted at 170 mph and broad-sided into a tree on a sweeping curve at Germany's Hockenheim circuit.

The shy, 32-year-old Borders farmer – who

had preferred fast cars to tractors – was killed instantly.

Fellow driver Graham Hill, who had raced with him all over the world, had the sad task of breaking the news to Jim's parents in Scotland.

Sympathy for them was overwhelming but, like Jim, they had accepted the risks and their mourning was mingled with pride for a son who had been such a daring high-achiever. They were not alone. All Scots grieved for their great champion whose end had come so prematurely. ●



■ Famous F1 faces in the funeral crowd (from left): fellow-Scot Jackie Stewart, Innes Ireland, Mrs Graham Hill, Graham Hill, and Jo Bonnier.

HE'S STILL AMONG US, THE HERO KING



Biker historian David R Ross on where the spirit of Bruce can still be found

Robert Bruce is regarded as Scotland's greatest king. He has been denigrated over the years, but the hard truth remains that Scotland would have ceased to exist in the early 1300s if not for his sterling work.

He was born on 11 July, 1274, most likely at Turnberry Castle, the ruins of which can still be seen by the lighthouse on the famous golf course.

In February, 1306, he stabbed to death his main rival, Sir John Comyn, at the church attached to Greyfriars monastery, in Dumfries, before assuming the crown. The site of this incident is marked by a plaque in the town centre, just to the west of the Burns statue.

Bruce immediately gathered a small army and headed north to be crowned at the Moot Hill at Scone, which still stands in the grounds of Scone Palace. He received an early crushing defeat at the Battle of Methven, the site of which lies just east of Methven Castle, near Perth. With a small band of followers, he took to the hills to regroup.

English troops captured his womenfolk and treated them barbarously, locking them in cages for people to peer at like animals in a zoo. Three of his four brothers suffered bloody executions.

Legend claims that at this low ebb Bruce was helped by watching a spider try to anchor its web. If the insect could win, then so could Bruce. Several caves in Scotland are said to have hosted this event, such as the King's Caves in Arran, or another that sits close to the M74 in Dumfriesshire — signposted from the centre of Kirkpatrick-Fleming.

Bruce's first blow for his land's

freedom came at Glen Trool in Galloway in April, 1307, where a carved boulder marks his victory at the road end above Loch Trool.

He struck north and defeated another English army at Loudoun Hill, an extinct volcano towering above Darvel in Ayrshire. There is a plaque on the summit of Loudoun Hill. Reaching the top involves a stiff haul, but an easier ascent can be made from the 'back', north of the hill.

Bruce then took to fighting a guerrilla campaign, taking castles by stealth, ousting English garrisons and attacking supply columns. His true genius lay in his manner of warfare. There were 10 Englishmen for every Scot, and Bruce used subterfuge, and the land of Scotland itself, to counteract their numerical superiority.

The crunch came when his last surviving brother, Edward, struck a deal with the governor of Stirling Castle to have it brought under Scots control. The English saw this as a direct call to arms, and marched a mighty army north to crush the Scots once and for all.

The two armies met at Bannockburn in June, 1314. This battle was fought on a grand scale, the main fight lasting two days.

The Bannockburn Heritage and Visitor Centre gives an audio-visual account of these events, and stands on the ground where Bruce mustered the Scots army. Two stones in the grounds of Randolphfield police headquarters traditionally mark where the Scots held the English charge during the first day's conflict.

The main battle of the second day took place with the Scots



■ The plaque in Dumfries marks where Bruce slew his rival, Comyn.

forcing the English army back against the gorge of the Bannock Burn.

Parking in Bannockburn village and walking up into the gorge gives a good idea of what a formidable barrier this must have been to a mounted armoured cavalry host.

Bruce's spearmen forced the English back and over the northern lip of the gorge to plummet into a ruin below.

But the victory at Bannockburn was not the end of the war. Bruce launched raids into England to try to get Scotland's rights to nationhood recognised.

He won several battles on English soil that are largely forgotten. The most notable were The Chapter of Myton, fought at the village of Myton north of York; the Battle of Byland, on the Hambleton Hills near Thirsk, where Scots almost captured the King of England; and the clash at

Stanhope in which the Scots humbled the English forces entirely.

In 1328, England finally conceded Scotland's right to independent nationhood. Bruce was to die the following year, at Cardross on the River Leven north of Dumfries on June 7, 1329. He was buried in Dunfermline Abbey, and there his tomb is marked by a brass plaque.

Bruce's heart, brought back from the crusades, was buried in Melrose Abbey where a stone plaque in the grounds marks its resting place.

There are several statues commemorating Bruce scattered across Scotland's landscape, but surely the most beautiful is the one at Bannockburn itself. It was sculpted by Pilkington Jackson, and the face of the statue is recreated from a cast of Bruce's skull.

It is a fitting memorial to the hero king of Scots. ●

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Illustrations:

Cover - Bruce and De Bohun: Stirling Smith Art Gallery. p4/5/6/7 Robert Bruce and his Second Wife: Seton Armorial, Sir Francis Ogilvy Bart and The National Library of Scotland; Loudoun Hill and Glen Trool: Scotland in Focus. p8/9 Bruce and Spider: Ladybird Books, supplied by Hugh Jolly; Rum: David Williams Picture Library; King's Caves: Scotland in Focus. p10/11/12/13/14/15 Bannockburn: Scotichronicon, ©Corpus Christi College Cambridge; Bruce and De Bohun: Stirling Smith Art Gallery; Battle of Bannockburn by William Hole: SNPG; Monymusk

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**FIRST PRESS
PUBLISHING**

DAILY RECORD AND SUNDAY MAIL MAGAZINE DIVISION

40 Anderston Quay, Glasgow G3 8DA

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Scotland's Story is published in 52 weekly parts by First Press Publishing, the magazine and book publishing division of the Scottish Daily Record & Sunday Mail Limited.

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SCOTLAND'S STORY

NEXT WEEK IN Part 12

AFTER BANNOCKBURN

The battle's over, but Bruce still has fight on his hands to consolidate Scotland's fragile independence.

DECLARATION OF ARBROATH

"For as long as a hundred of us remain alive, we will never on any conditions subjected to the lordship of the English."

A RECONSTRUCTED HERO

The miracles of modern science mean we can now view Robert Bruce as his contemporaries would have seen him.

QUEEN OF FORTRESSES

Stirling Castle played a key role in the Wars of Independence, and the battle at Stirling Bridge and Bannockburn.

SALUTE TO SIR MATT

The Munich disaster cast a long shadow over the glittering career of Sir Matt Busby, first of the super managers.

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ISSN 1468-537X

